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ORIGINAL.

THE WANDERER.

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THE LITERARY CHARACTER.

THE literary character, though ch admired, is little understood. , that undertakes to censure, uld do well to consider, whether sure may not be undeserved; that dares to condemn, should least inquire, what are the facts warrant the sentence. Yet men ure the scholar without con- ring his education, or mode of ; and condemn the literary n without inquiring into the dency of his habits, or the na- e of his pursuits.

Literary character has its own uliarities. In judging these, ever, we should reflect on what natural, on what are the growth situation, what the result of y, or effect of application. We not to expect urbanity from seness, nor the utmost refine- t in living manners, from who hold their conversation dead letters. The scholar, seldom quits the solitude is closet, will necessarily be ed on entering a crowded our. Books are all the world m; and to him we are there- not to look for knowledge of orld. But who will not par- awkwardness for abstraction, and bashfulness for literature. The multitude, however, are never embarrassed with sense, and have not sense enough to know the embarrassment.

It is for want of attending to this particular, what is natural to men with certain objects and pursuits, that we so often denounce as eccentric, which is strictly agreeable to the course of nature. And this particular is important in settling the claims of character. For what is matter of course with a scholar, would be eccentric in the smith: what is matter of course with a smith, would be eccentric in the scholar. Eccentricity seems not so much a departure from what is common to all men, as a departure from what is common to all men of a particular calling.

There are, too, a set of literary feelings, which are powerful motives to literary minds, and which one should be able fully to realize, before he ventures to decide on literary character. Virgil makes some heroine say,

> "Haud ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco."

And Sterne makes Uncle Toby pretty fairly translate it, "I have suffered persecution, Trim, and learnt mercy." The knowledge of distress is necessary to know how to relieve it; the suffering persecution to the lesson of mercy. The mother at the loss of a child feels some little consolation in the

sympathy and condolence of a mother. We should experience literary feelings, to pity literary bereavements. There is an invincible attachment to truth, gained from a long and ardent pursuit of it; a love, that has grown from the attentions of abstraction, that is often in literary men, to borrow an expression from Scripture, *stronger than death*. This has made them rejoice in martyrdom, and is an apology for that boldness in the avowal of opinions that has brought so many of them to trial for libels, and to confinement, as for crimes. We should feel this attachment in order to sympathize in these confinements, and decide on the expediency of these trials. When expressions, that may possibly bear a libellous construction, can fairly be presumed to arise either from the heated imagination of a poet, as in the case of Montgomery, or the manly firmness of an honest scholar, as in the case of Wakefield, it surely becomes governments to pass them without observation, "to pardon something to the spirit of" literature.

Ignorance of the world, as was hinted before, should be expected to form a trait in the literary character and in some degree extenuates the errors of literary men.

People have raved at the politics of Priestly, without considering, that his being so much of a philosopher was the very reason he was so little of a politician. "In simplicity a child," he was without worldly wisdom. How far this error is to detract from the Doctor's merit, is left for him to decide, who is competent to comprehend the whole extent of his character.

Into this error have other literati fallen. Their fate admonishes literary men to avoid interference in local and temporary politics. They should never make ephemeral and narrow to an insignificant spot, the exertions of minds, that might affect the globe and posterity.

The energy of the literary character has frequently furnished a subject for the moral sublime. It is indeed the glory of our nature. Literary men are exhorted to maintain it in spite of every obstacle, unimpaired from persecution or patronage. Archimedes *laid down his life* for his proposition. Propose to yourself honorable objects, and let no human means check you in the pursuit! Then should death arrest your career, posterity will write for you the most honorable epitaph,

"Justum et *tenacem propositi virum!*"

ROYAL INSTITUTION;

OR, FASHIONABLE FRIVOLITIES.

From Surr's "Winter in London."

"———Thy all is but *a show*,
"Rather than solid virtue." MILTON.

"Now, cynic, be dumb," said the duchess. "Nay, be confounded, thou and all the revilers of fashion! No, sir; no frivolous pursuits allure us now—neither hats, caps, crapes, nor caterpillars, are now the sport of ladies.—Are you to be told, you exotic, that during your exile the sciences have burst prison? that, no longer confined within the precincts of Oxford or Cambridge, they have dashed up to town and opened a fashionable house in Albemarle-street, where they see the very first company, under the protecting rays of royalty itself? Have you never heard of the Royal Institution?

"Royal Institution!" echoed

the marquis of Arberry, as he entered the breakfast-room, followed by Edward, captain Neville, and lord Barton. "Are you for the Royal Institution, ladies?"

"Even so, sir," said her grace, "and you are the very scholars we wanted, to explain the meaning of all the hard words."

"Oh, in mercy, never let such lips as these," said lord Barton, bowing to the ladies, "be distorted with such terms as hydrogen and oxygen, and caloric and carbonic."

"Fie, lord Barton!" said the duchess: "would you have the girls appear downright barbarians?—The chemical nomenclature will be part of the language of fashion this winter; and I shall not be surprised if it were to become as fashionable in a short time, to construe these Egyptian hieroglyphics, as it is now to decorate our apartments with them. In that case an Egyptian master will become as necessary as a French governess."

"But can it be fashionable for young ladies to study chemistry, or attend lectures on Galvanism?"

"O yes my lord," said doctor Hoare, "the fascination of fashion is irresistible. It wrought a miracle last winter far more wonderful than this:—It was then the rage to hear the bishop of London preach; and there was actually as great a scramble for a pew at St. James's church, as for a box at the opera. There is nothing, therefore, which fashion may not achieve, since it has made fine ladies say their prayers."

"High noon, I declare!" said the duchess with a yawn, looking at her watch. "we shall lose the exordium."

A bustle ensued.—The gentlemen had arranged a morning lounge at Tattersall's. The duchess, however, would take them to "school," as she termed it. Carriages were ordered, and the whole party agreed to attend the lecture.

Edward was the only gentleman who had not paired off with a lady. Lord Barton had one arm of the duchess, who, looking round with an air of captivating sweetness, said, "Mr. Montagu, pray don't let this young man run away with me—do give me your arm!"

Edward bowed and her grace held out her hand.

Looking at the profusion of superb furniture, all after the antique Egyptian model, the duchess could scarcely restrain a bursting sigh: she smiled, however, and gaily observed, "What a procession we make! We seem like the children of Israel going forth out of the land of Egypt!"—alluding to the furniture and decorations.

"True," said lord Barton; "but whoever is under the same roof with your grace will never be out of the house of bondage."

"Very well for a young beginner, indeed, sir! I perceive, as Neville says, you will do very well with a little encouragement."

When the party arrived at the Institution, the rooms were crowded almost to suffocation. The lecturer was haranguing his fashionable audience on the discovery of Galvani, and explaining its principles and its uses.

Edward had promised himself some pleasure from this visit, as well as some information. In the latter, at least, he was completely disappointed. So loud was the clamour of ladies' tongues, that the poor lecturer's learning and eloquence were totally wasted upon the greater part of the assembly.

"La! lady Fane! are you here?"

"So, sir Harry, you are turned philosopher!"

"Well, of all the things in the world, who should have thought of seeing that jockey, Charles Torrington, at a lecture on Galvanism!"

"Oh, my dear, he has killed so many racers, that he's half ruined in horse flesh; and so he expects, by learning Galvanism, to be able to bring his dead horses to life again."

"Now, why don't you listen Louisa? that's a most astonishing property of the Galvanic fluid which the professor is describing."

"Dear me, Eliza, how teasing you are! You know I can read all about such things at home in Wilkinson's book; and I am listening to a most delightful piece of scandal now, which I could not hear at home."

"No, no, madam; I tell you it was the duchess of Belgrave."

"Ma'am, I have it from authority that it was the duchess of Drinkwater. They have actually discharged sixteen of their servants, and put down no less than four carriages."

"There you're wrong again, ma'am!—Six servants and two carriages, if you please; and they do say things may be settled without selling an acre of land"

Such was the confused collision of sounds that struck the ears of Edward, instead of the scientific lecture he had anticipated.

At the upper end of the room he observed the Beauchamps and the signor Belloni. Seats were reserved for the duchess of Belgrave's party, very near them. The parties mingled.

As Edward was standing in one corner of the room, endeavoring to catch a part of the lecture, he felt his coat twitched, and turning round saw doctor Hoare at his elbow. "Step this way," said the doctor: "yonder I see Ogilvy." Edward followed him out of the lecture-room.

"Well, my old friend," said the doctor, "what do you say to the moderns now? Here are golden times, when science is not only patronised by fashion, but when it is absolutely necessary to be scientific to be fashionable!"

"Psha!" said Ogilvy. "Science! Nonsense! The world is absolutely turned topsy-turvy, and the people are run mad. Don't profane the name of science by associating that word with this depository of pots, pans, and potatoes."

"But, my dear Ogilvy, does not science gain at least some honour by having such a splendid train of lovely votaries as are in the next room?"

"No: it's a burlesque worship. There is not half a dozen among the women there who have a spark of real love for science; and that's the only consolation I feel; the bubble will burst ere the novelty is well over."

"You do not then approve, sir," said Edward, of the dissemination of the higher branches of knowledge among the fair sex?"

"I don't approve of the present system of making prattling philosophers in petticoats. I see no good that is to result to society from having our wives or daughters discharging electric or Galvanic batteries at our heads, or of converting our cook-maids into chemical analysers of smoke and steam."

"But are not the scientific pursuits of the present day at least as beneficial to society as the old amusements of working carpets and

chair bottoms?" said doctor Hoare.

"No; they are not. The end of such occupations was to render our homes, a word now almost obsolete, agreeable to their masters; whereas this mania of philosophy has a direct contrary tendency, converting our parlours into chemical laboratories, and our drawing-rooms into debating societies."

"But, Ogilvy, you must make some allowance for the progress of refinement, and the growth of luxury. Ladies of fashion now-a-days would faint at the sight of a tambour-frame; and at the introduction of a spinning-wheel they would actually expire!"

"I grant you, Jonathan, that there is a necessary change in the manners of the great.—As wealth increases in a state, the number of those who live without labour must increase; and still further I grant, that the increase of population, the source of that wealth, makes it a duty that the rich should not do those services for themselves, to do which forms the subsistence of the poor. I do not, therefore, wish to see duchesses of the nineteenth century working carpets, or spinning cloth;—but, zounds, man, is there no alternative? Have they not music and dancing? Have they not drawing and poetry? Have they not the exercise of fancy and taste in all the articles of dress; and all the arrangements of routs and balls, and assemblies? Besides, I would even allow them a dip into botany and horticulture:—all this may do well enough for amusement. But let me not hear the studies of abtruse sciences called feminine amusements, and the severest labours of human intellect termed pastimes for ladies!"

"To be serious, Ogilvy," said doctor Hoare, "I feel no inclination farther to contest a subject on which it is impossible there should be a difference of opinion. But, if you are not an approver of this Institution, may I not ask what brings you here?"

"I have not condemned the Institution. On the contrary, with some exceptions, I admire its plan. The avowed purpose of its establishment was, the diffusion of knowledge, and facilitating the general introduction of useful mechanical improvements; and had your duchesses and marchionesses contented themselves with the honour of subscribing to the expence of such an institution, I should have applauded instead of censuring their conduct. I am myself a subscriber. Their lectures I think worse than useless; their pot and kettle manufactories, and their roasting and boiling experiments, should, I conceive, have been distinct branches, entirely separated from and unconnected with the literary or scientific parts of the establishment!—An union of soup and science!—Good Heavens!—What cannot fashion do!—But you ask what brings me here? The news-room, and the library. These are supplied with more than fifty periodical publications, in English, French, and German, with all the London and many of the foreign news-papers. Here I frequently lounge away the morning, more independently than in a private library, and more comfortably than in a public coffee-room."

ON A LONG NOSE.

Heavens! what a nose! Forbear to look,
Whene'er you drink, in fount or brook;
For, as the fair Narcissus died
When hanging o'er a fountain's side,
You too the limped water quaffing,
May die, my worthy sir, with laughing.

THE MEDLEY.

" Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY;

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF JACK EASY.

But Hudibras, who scorn'd to stoop
To Fortune or be said to droop,
Cheer'd up himself with ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers.

Among the happy people in the world, are those, in whose minds nature, or philosophy, has placed a kind of acid, with which care or disappointment will not easily mix.

This acid differs very much from ill nature; it is rather a kind of salt, expressed from frequent observations on the folly, the vanity, and the uncertainty of human events; from that best of all philosophy, which teaches us to take men as we find them, and circumstances as they occur, good or bad, for better or for worse; that dwells not on future prospects, reflects not on past troubles, cares not a fig for present difficulties, but dexterously turns them either to ridicule or advantage; snatching, at every opportunity, accidental pleasures, and nobly bearing up against the rubs of ill fortune.

When reflections upon the troubles of life are mixed up in a disposition naturally ill-tempered, they compose what is called melancholy; but as they have no chemical affinity with good humour, they will not easily combine; and the small particles that are miscible, produce only the sweet and acid salt of true philosophy.

Such a traveller, in his journey through the world, was my honest friend JACK EASY. Jack came to a good fortune at the death of his father, and mounted his hobby without its ever having been prop erly broken in; he gallopped ove the plains of fancy, went off in full canter to the road of Dissipa tion, and leaped over all the five barred gates of Advice and Di cretion. It may naturally be sup posed, that before long his fil gave him a fall; poor Jack can down sure enough; but he on shook himself, brushed off the di of the road, and mounted again in high spirits as ever; excepting, th he now began to sit firmer in t saddle, and to look about him: th however, did not hinder him fro getting into a swamp called a La Suit, where he remained a consi erable time before he could g out: his fortune was now reduc from some thousands to a few hu dreds; and by this time, no man b ter knew the way of life than m friend Jack Easy. He had be through all the dirty cross-roads business, *money-borrowing*, ban ruptcy, and law; and at last rived at *a gaol*.

My friend Jack did not despon he consoled himself with the refle tion, that he was a single man; so of his misfortunes were the con quences of his own imprudenc others of unforeseen accidents, a most of them originated from good nature and generosity. H however, *never excused*, he lump them all together, took them in go part, and blamed nobody but hi self; he whistled away his troub and often repeated,

I am out of Fortune's power:
He who is down can sink no lower.

The goddess, however, at l put on her best smiles, and p Jack a visit in the King's Ben in the shape of a handsome l acy. Jack smiled at the thing, ing, as he called it, so extremely

ropos ; and once more mounted is nag. He now rode more cautously, and turned into the road Economy, which led to a comortable inn with the sign of Competency over the door; he had borowed a martingale from an old ostler called Experience ; and r the first time in his life, used a *rb*. He began already to find, at though he did not gallop away formerly, yet he went on his urney pleasantly enough. Some shing riders passed him, laughing his jog-trot pace; but he had no casion to envy them long : for esently some of them got into ts, others were stuck fast in bogs d quagmires, and the rest were rown from their saddles, to the eat danger of their necks. Jack sy, meanwhile, jogged on merry ; hot or cold, wet or dry, he ver complained ; he now preferd getting off, and opening a gate, leaping over it ; and smiled at an stacle, as at a turnpike where he ust necessarily pay toll.

The man who is contented eith- to walk, trot, or canter through e, has by much the advantage of s fellow-travellers. He suits mself to all paces, and seldom arrels with the tricks which the de Fortune is sometimes disosed to play him. You might w see Jack Easy walking his bby along the road, enjoying e scene around him, with contment sparkling in his eyes. If e way happened to be crowd- with horsemen and carriag-, you might observe him very adily taking his own side of the ad, and letting them pass. If it gan to rain or blow, Jack only lled up the collar of his great- at, flapped his hat, and retreated the best shelter he could find l the storm was over.

Thus my friend Jack Easy came in with a jog-trot to the end of his journey, leaving his example behind him *as a kind of finger-post* for the good of other travellers.

BON MOT OF ARISTIPPUS.

When Plato chid the philosopher Aristippus for his luxury, in purchasing some fish, Aristippus asked Plato if he knew the price of them. Plato answered in the negative. Being informed, Plato confessed that he should have purchased them at that price. "Then, Plato," replied Aristippus, "you see that I am not so fond of fish as you are of money."

POETRY OF THE FINNS.

The poetry of the people of Finland, is wild and singularly curious, as the efforts of uncultivated nature. M. Acerbi, in his travels through Sweden, Finland, and Lapland, gives various specimens of it. The following extract was composed by a peasant upon his brother's death.

"The word went forth from heaven, from Him, in whose hands are all things. Come hither, I will make thee my friend ; approach, for thou shalt henceforth be my champion. Come down from the high hill ; leave the seat of sorrow behind thee ; enough hast thou suffered ; the tears thou hast shed are sufficient ; thou hast felt pain and disease ; the hour of thy deliverance is come ; thou art set free from evil days ; peace hastened to meet thee ; relief from grief to come.

"Thus went he out to his maker ; he entered into glory ; he hastened to extreme bliss ; he departed to enjoy liberty ; he quitted a life of sorrow ; he left the habitation of the earth."

The following is the production of a girl who could neither read nor write.

"Oh! that my beloved were now here; that his well-known figure were but before me! How should I fly into his arms, and kiss him though his face were besmeared with the blood of a wolf! How should I press his hand, even though a snake were twisted round it!

"Alas! why have not the winds understanding? And why is the breeze bereft of speech? The winds might exchange sentiments betwixt my love and me. The breezes might every instant carry my words to him and bring his back to me.

"How then would the delicacies of the rector's table be neglected! How inattentive should I be to the dress of his daughter! I should leave every thing to attend on my beloved, who is the dear object of my summer-thoughts and winter-cares."

SELECTED FOR THE EMERALD.

SON OF MISFORTUNE.

JUST this little, and no more,
Is in every mortal's power;
Each to say, I tasted breath,
But the cup was fraught with death.
I have sighed, have laughed, have wept,
Wak'd to think, and thinking slept.
Slept my wearied limbs to rest,
Wak'd with labor in my breast.
Met with sorrows, not yet o'er,
Mix'd in pleasures now no more.
Hop'd and fear'd with equal sense,
Dup'd by many a slight pretence.
Soon shall my soul its veil throw by,
My body with its kindred lie;
Of this I'm certain; but the rest,
Is LOCK'D WITHIN A HIGHER BREAST.

A BOASTING COXCOMB.

Such Things there are! DRYDEN.

I entered into conversation with a personage, who seated himself by my side, and *would* discourse with me, although I gave him little encouragement to do so. He seemed a man of vast importance; for he talked of all the gentlemen who had seats in the north of England with the most easy familiarity they were all Tom, Dick, Joe, Ned and Frank, with him. He appeared, likewise, intimate with most of the gentlemen of Edinburgh; recollecting, therefore, my message to Mr. Mainfort, I distantly asked him if he knew such a gentleman.

"Why! aw—aw—aw—aw—um—Pray, Sir, are *you* well acquainted with him?"

"Not at all, Sir."

"No! God bless me! there is not a better fellow in the world than Malcolm Mainfort. He has been a soldier too,—between you and me, a bit of a *bouncer*—does not mind a *crack* or so—but a devilish jolly dog. *Madam* his wife rules the roast—she keeps famous company; though nothing under a duchess will go down with her—like her parties very much—capital suppers—Emma Mainfort keeps all alive—so dashing, so *shapey*—the handsomest girl in all Edinburgh.

Thus he went on, giving me the whole history of the family; though, for a person who seemed to live on terms of intimacy with them, his language did not seem over respectful. He knew London too *well*, he said: was at all the routs; was acquainted with all the performers at the theatres; dined with ——, and supped with ——. He was a great politician too, and was hand-in-glove with all the famous speakers on both sides.

After he was gone, I remained for some time lost in admiration of his character; but looking out of the window, I was much surprised to see him tripping along with a pair of rusty saddle bags under his arm. The waiter coming accidentally by, I had the curiosity to ask him if he knew that gentleman.

"O very well, Sir," replied the fellow, "he comes here twice a year; there is not a man-milliner does more business in his way than *he* does."

The mystery was now quite solved.

"Oh! pride, pride," said I to myself, "I can no longer wonder that thou hast been the bane of *my* peace, the ruin of my poor father's fortune; he had some fuel to *feed* the flame: but it is evident, that the passion of pride is as natural to us as the air we breathe; we all are proud of *something;* and if no innate consciousness of superiority presents a *real* argument for arrogance, like the boasting coxcomb who has just left me, we borrow our light from some surrounding object."

SWALLOWS.

In Sweden they pass the winter under the ice. At the approach of the winter they plunge themselves into the lakes, and remain there, buried and asleep, till the spring returns. On feeling the warmth of the sun, they emerge and take wing. Whilst the lakes are frozen, if the ice be broken where it appears most black, large heaps of swallows are seen, lying buried asleep, and half dead. On taking them out, and carrying them near the fire, or chafing them between the hands, they will revive, and make a quick use of their wings. The common people entertain an opinion that the lakes of Sweden have a power of changing the leaves which fall upon them in the autumn into swallows. In other places, swallows conceal themselves in caverns, or under rocks. Between the town of Caen and the sea, along the river Orme, we have many caverns, where clusters of swallows are found hanging in the form of grapes. The same observation has long since been made in Italy. Albinovanus, in the elegant elegy which he wrote on the death of Mæcenas, describes the swallows retiring to the rocks as a sign of the approach of winter.

Conglaciantur aquæ, scopulisse condit hirundo:
Verberat egelidos garrula, vere lacus.

Frost binds the streams, in rocks the swallows lie:
In spring to cooling streams they twitt'ring fly.

The following picture of Spring, from the Greek of Meleager, is highly brilliant and joyous.

Hush'd is the howl of wintry breezes wild;
The purple hour of youthful Spring has smiled:
A livelier verdure clothes the teeming earth;
Buds press to life, rejoicing in their birth;
The laughing meadows drink the dews of night,
And, fresh with opening roses, glad the sight:
In songs the joyous swains responsive vie;
Wild music floats, and mountain-melody.
Adventurous seamen spread th' embosomed sail
O'er waves light-heaving to the western gale;
While village-youths their brows with ivy twine,
And hail with song the promise of the vine.
In curious cells the bees digest their spoil,
When vernal sunshine animates their toil,
And little birds, in warblings sweet and clear,
Salute thee, Maia, loveliest of the year:
Thee, on their deeps, the tuneful halcyons hail,
In streams the swan, in woods the nightingale.
If earth rejoices, with new verdure gay,
And shepherds pipe, and flocks exulting play,
And sailors roam, and Bacchus leads his throng,
And bees to toil, and birds awake to song,
Shall the glad bard be mute in tuneful Spring,
And, warm with love and joy, forget to sing?

FOR THE EMERALD.

NOTICE.

——"Didicisse fideliter artes
"Emollit mores."

"*'Tis education forms the common mind.*"

Mr Fennell, we are happy to announce, is about establishing an academical institution at Charlestown, that we hope will do honour to himself, and be useful to the community. The situation selected is inviting, and combines the various advantages requisite for such an establishment. It belongs to the estate of the late Joseph Barrell, Esq. and was recently the seat of that gentleman. The spot is healthful and commanding.

The qualifications of Mr. Fennell for a publick instructor, his competence to be principal of a seminary for the education of males and females, are well known to his personal acquaintance. But from these alone he cannot gain support. What is to be publickly believed must be first publickly stated. It is from this necessity we would just hint, that Mr. Fennell has received the first education England can boast; that he was fitted at Eton, and graduated at Cambridge. As a classical scholar, supposing him to have made but ordinary advances, his acquirements must have been greater than those of men liberally bred in this country. Of his talent at tuition, his present pupils are the subjects and witnesses. He has shown himself a man of morals, manners, and mind.

"Learn'd without pride, and not too wise to pray."

The objection arising from his having been on the stage, would deserve more notice, if it had not been already, equally to the honour of Mrs. Rowson, and the community, completely overcome in that instance. The force of association is abated; and hardly a parent, in the state, when about to send a child to that lady, notwithstanding thinks of her ever having been on the stage; of her ever having been contaminated by passing through a Green-Room. It is found to be possible, that people may be moral on the stage; that through all the varieties of fictitious character they can be true to the realities of faith; that "religion is not confined to temples."

It seems Mr. Fennell has heretofore been thought competent in another place, to the task now undertaken here. Overtures were not long since made him at Philadelphia, to revive the Episcopal establishment in that city, by becoming the President of the Episcopal College.

From what we can learn of Mr. Fennell's mind and disposition, we believe him well qualified,

"To raise the genius and to mend the heart."

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

On Monday evening next, for the first time for many years to be brought forward in Boston the play of The Robbers. Though we should be in doubt whether to reprobate or approve, did we not understand, that Mr. Hodgkinson has modified the original of Schiller to answer the requisitions of modern taste, and adapted it to modern correctness. It is well known to be a production of irresistible interest and powerful stage effect. The afterpiece of Edwin Rosenberg, to those, who delight in the concord of sweet sounds, and have "*music in their souls*" must of course be attractive.

The public will bear in mind, at the amusements of this even-g, are for the benefit of Mr. and rs. Usher, and of Mr. and Mrs. e, for the purpose of retrieving mer losses. Mr. Usher has g been known, as an industrious d meritorious actor ; Mrs. Ush-, as true to the *modesty of nature* ; r. Poe, as an improving perform-and Mrs. Poe, as the favorite the public, and the delight of eye. During the past winter, y have been all peculiarly mark-for the fidelity and correctness their various exertions. We e their deserts will not go un-warded. Hard indeed must be season, when merit has no ims upon a liberal public.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

rom the report of Diseases publifhed he Monthly Magazine, for January , the following observations on pro-ted sleep are extracted. If a dispo-n to superfluous slumber be not it-among the numbers of diseases, it is rious that it may be the cause of ; and Dr. Reed's remarks on the ect, are intitled to serious attention.

Several patients have recently applied he Reporter, the origin and continu-e of whose complaints appeared to a-if not principally, in part from a pro-ted indulgence in the hours of repose. pecies of intemperance, which is al-t as debilitating, although not regard-s so ignominious, as excesses of differ-escriptions.

Sleep, perturbed, is for the time, worse death. Dreaming is delirium ; and eaves the mind in a state of mor-vibration during our waking hours. roportion as slumber is continued be-its natural period, it must be im-ct and unrefreshing. Immoderate is not merely a suspension of life, gradual destruction of it. Man has destined to earn not only his bread, his health likewise, by the sweat of row ; or by the persevering exercise hose powers, which were not given him, for himself alone, and which cannot be preserved without a useful and vigorous application of them. Inaction is not rest ; recumbency is not repose. The luxury of indolence can be procured only through the medium of exertion."

DOMESTIC.

The friends and admirers of the American Fine Arts, will learn with peculiar pleasure, that William Rush, Esq of Philadelphia, has recently completed two elegant figures (Comedy and Tragedy) for the proprietors of the Philadelphia Theatre, to be placed in the niches in front of that building in Chesnut-street. In the execution of this work, the genius of the artist is truly pourtrayed ; he has done himself honour, and added to that of his country.

John E. Hall, Esq. of Baltimore, has completed, and will speedily publish a Translation of "*Praxis Supremæ Curiæ Admiralitatis*," written by Francis Clerke, who was Register of the Court of Arches, during the reign of queen Elizabeth. This is almost the only work on the practice of the Admiralty Court, and is esteemed as unquestionable authority at the bar. A translation of the third edition was published, about the commencement of the last century ; but the fifth edition, which Mr. Hall has used, possesses the advantage of much additional matter, both in the text and the notes. The present work will contain notes on the practice in this country, and a variety of such precedents as have been established in our own courts of maritime jurisdiction.

The accuracy, learning and talents of Mr Hall powerfully recommend his work; and as its subject is not confined to the law and the practice of this state, there can be no doubt of its being considered as a valuable gift to the American bar generally.

Now publishing--by Hopkins and Earle, Philadelphia, Corinna, or Italy, by madame de Stael Holstein, authoress of Delphine, and other works of merit. When it is known that Corinna is the work which occasioned the banishment of Madame De Stael by Bonaparte, it is thought it cannot fail to excite a general interest and desire to peruse it.

By Thomas Dobson, Philadelphia, the *History of America* in two books, extracted chiefly from the American edition of the Encyclopedia,—price one dollar.

POETRY.

THE COURT OF VICE.

AN APOLOGUE.

By Geoge L———ns, Esq.

VICE, "on a solemn night of state,
In all the pomp of terror sate,"
Her voice in deep tremendous tone,
Thus issu'd from her ebon throne:
This night, at our infernal court,
Let all our Ministers resort;
Who most annoys the human race,
At our right hand shall take his place,
Rais'd on a throne, advanc'd in fame—
Ye Crimes, now vindicate your claim.

Eager for praise, the hideous host
All spake, aspiring to the post.

PRIDE said, to gain his private ends,
He sacrific'd his dearest friends;
Insulted all with manners rude,
And introduc'd *ingratitude*;
'Twas he infus'd domestic hate,
And party spirit, in the state:
Hop'd they'd observe, his mystic plan
Destroy'd all confidence in man,
And justify'd his high pretensions,
By causing envy and dissentions.

INTEMPERANCE, loud, demands the place—
He'd long deceiv'd the human race;
None could such right as he maintain,
Disease and Death were in his train.

THEFT next appears to claim the station,
E'er constant in his dark vocation;
He thought the place might well repay,
The crime that labour'd night and day.

FRAUD own'd (though loth to speak his praise)
He gain'd his point by secret ways:
His voice in cities had been heard,
And oft in senates been preferr'd:
Yet much derision had he borne,
Treated by honest fools with scorn.
His influence on the Western shore
Was not so great as heretofore:
He own'd each side alike assail'd,
Complain'd how sadly he was rail'd:
Yet if some honour should requite
His labour—things might still go right.

MURDER before the footstool stood,
With tatter'd robe distain'd in blood;
And who, he cry'd, with daring face,
Denies my title to the place?
My watchful eyes mankind survey,
And single out the midnight prey:
Not coward-like I meet the foe,
With foosteps insecure and slow;
Or cause his death by languid strife—
Boldly this dagger ends his life.
Give back, ye Crimes, your claims resi
For I demand the post as mine.

AV'RICE declar'd, for love of gold,
His nation, or himself he sold;
He taught the sin of pride betimes;
Was foster-father of all crimes:
He pawn'd his life, he stak'd his soul,
And found employment for the whole
Acknowledg'd that he gain'd his weal
By fraud, by murder, and by stealth:
On one so useful in her cause,
VICE well might lavish due applause.

The haggar'd host bow low the he
The Monster rose, and thus she said:
Ye ministers of Vice, draw near,
For fame no longer persevere;
No more your various parts disclose
Men see and hate you all as foes.
One yet remains among your crew,—
Then rise, SEDUCTION! claim your du
Your baleful presence quickly parts
The tie which holds the happiest hea
You rob what wealth can ne'er repay
Like *Judas*, with a kiss betray;
Hence come the starving, trembling tr
Who prostitute themselves for gain;
Whose languid visages impart
A smile, while anguish gnaws the he
Whose steps decoy unwary youth
From honour, honesty, and truth;
Which, follow'd, 'till too late to men
In ruin, and the gallows end—
Be thine the post. Besides, who know
Where all thy consequences close?—
With thee, SEDUCTION! are ally'd
Horror, *Despair*, and *Suicide*.
You wound---but the devoted heart
Feels not alone the poignant smart:
You wound---th' electric pain extend
To fathers, mothers, sisters, friends;
Murder may yet delight in blood,
And deluge round the crimson flood
But sure his merits rank above,
Who murders in the MASK OF LOVE.

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